

VOLUME XV. No. 22

THE BEACON PRESS, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

MARCH 1, 1925



THE CROSS OF GOLD

By Marion Hollis

STEPHEN lay in the shade of the old monastery, his elbow propped on the neatly inscribed Latin ledger, and listened to the drone of the old monk as he led his comrades through the conjugations of a Latin verb.

It was sweet-scented and tranquilly beautiful in the old monastery garden in the springtime, and Stephen's beauty-loving heart seemed to swell and stretch with the young buds overhead. He could see the sunshine falling on the copper curls of his brother, Little Peter, as the boy slowly circled the garden paths with Old Frans, the most venerable and sagacious of all the monastery monks. Stephen marked how the child's face lighted as he listened to the words of Old Frans, how the limping drag of his left foot seemed less painful and wearying. Over and beyond were Timothy and John, two of his staunch friends of the village; and skipping pebbles in the brook were Hugo, Edwin, and Gurthwin from the neighboring fief of St. Andrews. They waved and shouted at Stephen to come and join them, but Stephen shook his head and pointed smilingly at the ledger.

A sudden clatter of hoofs and clashing of mail swept down the road outside the monastery and halted outside the gateway. The lads were up on the walls peering over in a flash, and the good monks ran to unlatch the gate.

"Halloa, good father, a drink of water from your garden well would gratify my knights and me!" The speaker, a fearless young fellow, clad in flashing armor, quieted his champing horse with difficulty,

as he headed a train of two-score knights or more through the gateway.

Stephen ran to help the monks carry flagons of water to the knights. The leader smiled in a friendly fashion as he took the flagon that Stephen offered him and swallowed it thirstily.

"You are off to the crusades?" Stephen asked in awed admiration.

"Yes, my lad," the knight replied. "And a sore bitter task it is, too. The second crusade is hard pressed under St. Barnard, and we are off to join him! God pity Christendom if our men cannot wrest the Holy Land from the Turk. 'Twould then seem as if only a miracle—lads young and innocent like you—could go where we have failed!"

The knight's words sank deep into Stephen's heart, and he stood pondering, with a thoughtful look on his face as he watched the dust of the highway swallowing up the cavalcade, until the last shining spear and gleaming crimson cross disappeared.

"Would it not be wondrous to be a crusader and fight for Christ's citadel?" Little Peter asked Stephen eagerly as the lads tramped down the highway at the close of school. "Father Frans says that the chance may come to us if all else fails; that 'out of the mouths of babes' and through their purity of purpose, great things could be done!"

"So spoke the knight chief to me," said Stephen. "Upon us the fate of the crusades may depend—who knows?"

"And Old Frans says," Little Peter said with eyes glowing like stars, "that 'tis true that only a miracle will save the purpose

of the crimson cross. Rich lords and merchants have joined the crusades for power and riches—and that only when the crimson of the crusader's cross changes to gold will the great spirit of the crusades be cleansed of defiled purposes."

"Peter," said Stephen slowly, "Peter, I think I shall go off to the crusades."

"Not alone, Stephen," begged Little Peter. "Oh, take me with you!"

"I shall take as many children with me as will go, and there will be great numbers, I know!" Stephen spoke with fervent, prophetic tongue. "But, Peter dear, the way will be very long and far I fear, and though your heart would go, the foot would not."

"Oh, yes it will, Stephen," Peter assured him. "It will be a good crusader I know, and if you just let me go, not one whimper or cry will you hear from me ever!"

Stephen heeded Peter's earnest plea and promised that the little boy should be among the ranks, although he questioned his own judgment many times afterwards.

Spring vanished swiftly into summer, but each day was filled with Stephen's earnest endeavors. With the blessing and sanction of the good monks on his head, he set out down the blossoming lanes, and journeyed far over rivers and valleys, a staff in hand, and often not more than a crust of bread in his knapsack. But he called to the children everywhere, sounding the stirring summons of youth, and they followed him on his pilgrimage with eager faces and voices laughingly confident in the great thing they were to do.

Midsummer found the surging ranks of children, gathered together in Stephen's village. A giant army of little folks, encamped on the village greens, spilling out

of the awed townspeople's houses, singing psalms of joy as they romped through the streets, and sending the watchers home to weep bitterly before the shining faith of youth that triumphantly stalked the village streets.

At length they slowly wound out of their village haven, banner flashing, crosses of red gleaming on their flowing robes, and with no spear or clanking mail to echo its war-like call—only the chant of fresh young voices that carried back to the watching villagers and anxious parents a message of supreme and joyous hope.

Stephen walked at the head of the phalanxes, his eyes fixed straight ahead, ahead, always ahead. Timothy and John of the village walked not far behind, and also Hugo, Edward, and Gurthwin of St. Andrews. But Little Peter walked in the very last line, with those who were not quite so stout of heart or body. "The best place for me, Stephen," he said. "For there I can do the best good."

Midsummer grew into early fall, and the line of march became more difficult each day. The route, leaders of other crusades had given to Stephen, was perilous and beset with dangers on every hand. Often Stephen was at a loss how to proceed, and the advice of people along the way was to retrace their footsteps and turn back home. The ranks thinned heartrendingly through disease and death, and daily dozens of children were left by the roadside piteously wailing that they could go no farther. But Stephen, with a cheery word on his lips, and his eyes set ever straight ahead, led the band on and over into Asia Minor.

Early winter came, and the bitter cold brought more suffering to the ranks, added to the strange lands, and people who spoke an alien tongue and flocked to the roadside to gaze in awe on the strange spectacle of thousands of children marching to attempt what their war-like countrymen had failed to do.

It was nearing Christmas day, and it seemed to Little Peter that the miracle that Old Frans had told him was only built of bubble texture. The pain in his foot was sharper and fiercer every day, but true to his word he never whimpered once in line, but cheered and consoled the stragglers in the rear.

The band was rounding a bend in the road, when a horseman was seen tearing down its length. He reined his horse beside Stephen, flung himself off, and spoke brokenly in English. He was a Turk, and he told Stephen that not far behind him was a band of Turkish bandits, fierce and powerful, who were coming to halt this pilgrimage of children. The news of the crusade had had a strange effect on the people of the land—they were turning to the Christian faith, believing that a religion so strong that it could move a mighty band of children to crusade for its sake, was truly the most powerful faith of all.

(Continued on page 134)



Mother B's Cupboard

Now here's a great porridge bowl of things! Try them and the world will make a beaten path to your dinner table!

Peanut Roast

One lb. chopped onion, 1 lb. chopped celery, 2 lb. fat, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups chopped peanuts, 1 egg, 1 cup bread crumbs, 1 cup green pea pulp, juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, 1 t. salt, and a pinch of pepper. Cook the onion and celery in butter until it is golden brown. Add hot water and simmer until the vegetables are tender. Mix the other ingredients, add the egg last. Combine the mixture with the celery mixture. Bake until brown in an oiled dish.

Fruit Punch

One qt. blue grape juice, 1 qt. white grape juice, juice of 12 oranges, juice of 12 lemons, sugar or sirup to taste, 2 qts. ginger ale, and 1 qt. of charged water.

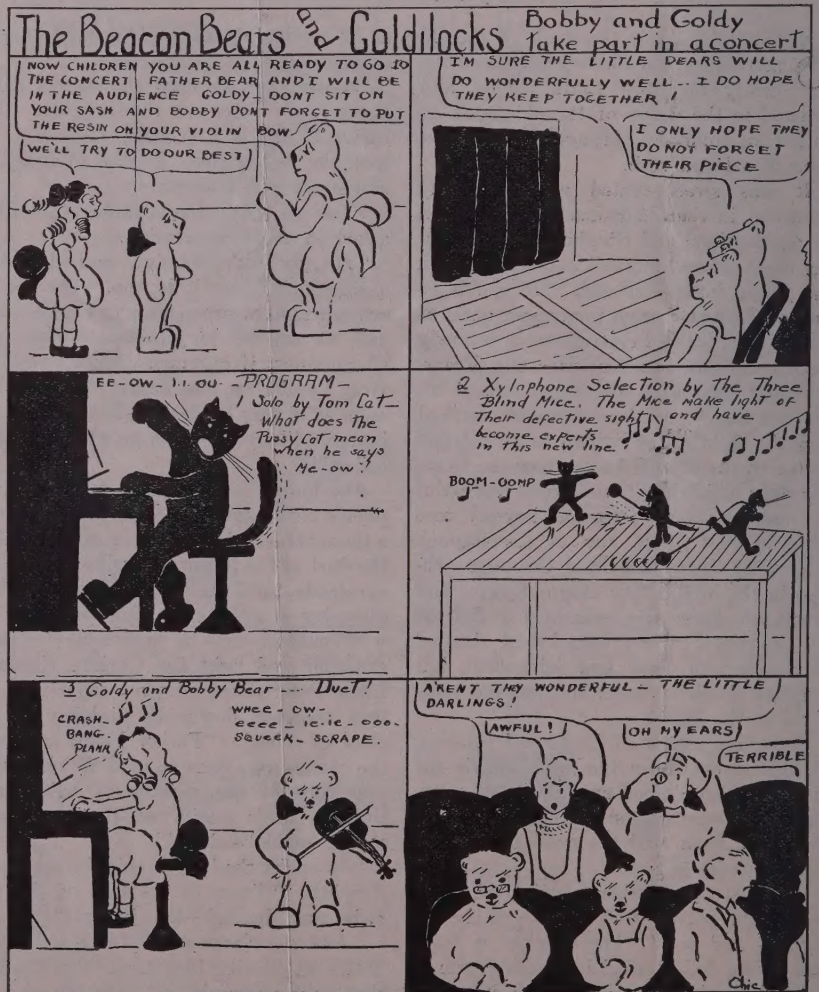
Mix the fruit and sugar or sirup. Add ginger ale, charged water, chopped ice.

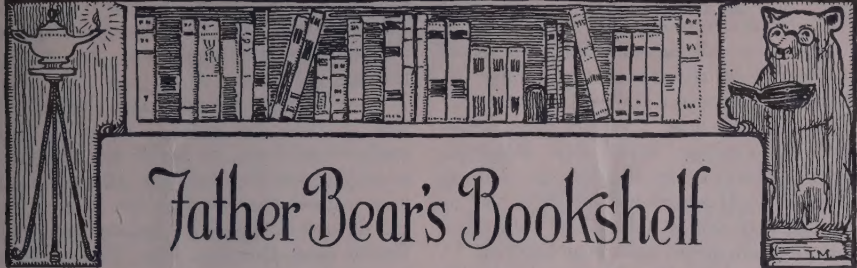
Junket Ice Cream

One junket tablet, 2 tb. cold water, 1 qt. lukewarm milk, $\frac{3}{4}$ c. sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ t. salt, and 1 cup of cream. Dissolve junket in the cold water. Add it to the milk, then add the remaining ingredients. Still well and let it stand until it is set. Freeze.

Glaze Fruits

Two cups sugar, 1 cup water, 2 tb. lemon juice or $\frac{1}{8}$ t. cream of tartar, and fruit. Make a sirup of the sugar and water. Boil, without stirring, to the harderack stage. Remove the pan from the fire and set it in an outer pan of boiling water to prevent the sirup from hardening. Add the lemon juice. Dip the fruits, one at a time, into the hot sirup. Remove and place on an oiled paper to dry.





Father Bear's Bookshelf

A brightly scenic jacket of orange and green rings up the curtain on "One-Act Plays for Young Folks," edited by M. A. Jagendorf. The prologue recites helpful ways and means of staging the plays, giving explicit directions as to the costuming and the easy, screen-frame scenery employed; and adds the interesting information that the plays were staged at The Children's Playhouse, Mohegan Modern School, Peekskill, N. Y.

The plays themselves, thirteen in number, are all vivacious, sprightly little vehicles, and a welcome addition to the list of children's plays in present circulation. The plays are varying in theme, style and number of characters employed, and the following list endeavors to give the brief characteristics and mechanics of each.

WHICH IS WITCH? By Alice Rostetter. Six characters, 3 girls, 3 boys. Fantastic, verging on the grotesque. Maisie, a little girl, and Mable-The-Witch decide to change places. The magic rites of "changing" are nearly performed when approaching witch-like characteristics and her father's footsteps send Maisie scurrying back to her own self.

THE-SING-A-SONG MAN. By Florence C. Comfort. Nine characters, 2 girls, 7 boys. Charming, humorous, little skit with characters easily identified in a child's own life. Toddie Tot, a Won't-Go-To-Bedder, is taken by her mother to Doctor Paddy Whack for treatment. Toddie Tot is cured by the sleepy-time lullabies of the Sing-A-Song Man—during which some delightful songs are introduced.

THE GARDEN AT THE ZOO. By John Farrar. Fifteen characters, 6 girls, 9 boys. Gay, lively play, peopled by the animal and flower characters beloved by children players. While the zoo watchman sleeps, the flowers in the garden plan to change places with the zoo animals, but are wisely halted by Queen Rose and King Lion.

FIVE GHOSTS. By Rowe Wright. Eleven characters, 6 girls, 6 boys. A clever, spooky Halloween play. Five ghosts meet in a haunted cellar to celebrate All-Hallow E'en. They disappear at the approach of five lads, attempting to brave the haunted cellar. The ghosts reappear, frighten the boys away, and disclose themselves as five girls. A fine father arrives to tell them that the house is theirs for a Five Ghosts club.

BUMBO AND SCRUMBO AND BLINKO. By Moritz Jagendorf. Ten characters, 6 girls, 3 boys, 6 hornets, either girls or boys. Fantasy woven into a witching play. Bumbo and Scrumbo, tailors extraordinary to the fairies, outwit Blinko, the meanest boy, establish a precedent among hornets by giving them stingers, and happily escort Applecheeks to the Tender Snail's party.

THE PASSWORD. By Helen Coale Crew. Ten main characters, 4 girls, 6 boys, and groups of indefinite numbers—Days, Hours, Minutes, Seconds, Sisters of the Rose, Brothers of the Grass. Real ethical values etched out in skillful, lively manner. *The Password*, Truth and Patience, is discovered when Aisla, Don, Barbara, Buddy, and Thumbkin try to "kill time" and thwart Mother Nature. The effects of their mischief fall on dear Professor Peters when Father Time turns him back to childhood, but he is saved by the Seconds and Minutes and Hours he has served so well in his life.

IN THE KITCHEN OF THE KING. By Lillian B. Lawler. Five main characters, 1 girl, 4 boys, in-

definite number of ladies-in-waiting, pages, maids, heralds. Entertaining little piece with a whimsical and active plot. The headstrong little princess refuses to marry to save her kingdom. She smiles on the new Errand Boy instead, knights him in the kitchen while the Cook and the King are away, smiles again, and forthwith agrees to marry him when he is found to be King of the Land of Far-away and claimant to her throne.

MOTHER GOOSE DROPS IN. By Joseph T. Shipley. Three characters, 2 girls, 1 boy. Modern terms and setting intermingled charmingly with the glamor of Mother Goose days. Mother Goose drops in quite informally on Mary and John and their radio sets and modern toys. She proves as fascinating a creature as always, however, and Mary and John capitulate—for her charms and rollicking rhymes.

THE SANDMAN'S BROTHER. By T. C. O'Donnell. Five main characters, 1 girl, 4 boys, chorus of Snow Men and Owls. Good fun with Snow Men and day dreams, a happy mixture apropos for wintertime performances. Jane and Tommy are distressed over their twin snow men, Glub and Chub, as they can't go to sleep outside in the cold without dreams, and Plink, the Sandman, has no stock-in-trade for snow men. But Tommy gives them his favorite day dream, and all ends well.

THE HERITAGE. By Nina Purdy. Sixteen characters, 16 girls. Fairies—of flowers, trees, brooks, and the home, will a wonder-gift, the appreciation of nature, to the little lass, Robin. You see, Robin from the hour of her birth has been a favorite of the fairies. On her twelfth birthday she is in danger of forgetting the charms of trees, flowers, brooks and breezes in the thrill of approaching "grown-upness." But they sparkle and shine and ripple their hardest and carry Robin over the danger point to her heritage of "crinkles about her mouth and eyes," when she is a very grown, grown-up.

THE EAST WIND'S REVENGE. By Sam Jenney. Eleven characters, 2 girls, 9 boys. Fancy and swift-moving action make up this very modern little skit. The Mah Jong set furnishes a thrilling adventure for two small meddlers, Billy and Betty, and the East Wind is only deterred from his revenge by The Joker and The White Dragon, who wage a battle royal against the East Wind's villainous cohorts.

MR. BUNNY'S PRIZE. By Frances Cavanah. Seven main characters, 3 girls, 4 boys, Daffodils, Violets. An Easter play to charm and delight the very wee in the audience—and their appreciative elders as well. Mr. Bunny is the only child of Mother Nature who finds the "certain something" that will restore her youth and beauty. In turn for Spring, Mother Nature grants him Spring's own colors to paint little eggs, so that he may hide them for the children on Easter morning.

ONCE IN A HUNDRED YEARS. By Moritz Jagendorf. Seven characters, 1 girl, 2 boys, the 4 good little goblins, either girls or boys. An old Japanese fairy story wrought into a play of rare distinction, bearing a tale of sweet unselfishness. Once in a hundred years the four good little dancing goblins dance with a mortal and grant him his wish. They nearly dance with the selfish Ota, but Izumo, a kind peasant lad, chances to meet them, shares his rice-cakes, and expresses good wishes for his little friend, Almond-Eyes. The goblins, delighted to find an unselfish mortal on their centennial visit, grant his wishes, which he and Almond-Eyes share with their naughty playmate, Ota.

Correction—An erroneous statement was made under this column in *The Beacon*, No. 3, issued October 19. No. 2 Joy Street has, as its American publishers, D. Appleton & Co., Basil Blackwell publishing the book in England,

Not for Sale

By Eldridge H. Sabin

TOMMY, sitting on a bench under an apple tree in the back yard, was munching a sandwich. Beside him lounged Uncle Jed, on his first visit to the States after mining for twenty-five years in Alaska. In front of them lay Tommy's dog, Bingo.

Tommy had come to the last mouthful, but he had not tossed Bingo even one bite. Uncle Jed was watching the boy with shrewd eyes, and hungry Bingo, licking his chops and thumping his tail, was watching him also.

But Tommy was greedy, and after a moment's thought, he gulped down the last piece. "You'll have to wait till dinner time, Bingo," he said. "Then perhaps I'll find you a bone."

"Bingo is every bit as hungry as you are," remarked Uncle Jed. "Why didn't you let him have his share?"

"Huh!" grunted Tommy. "Bingo's only a pup. Think he'd divide with me if he had a sandwich? Bet your life he wouldn't!"

Uncle Jed remained silent for a moment. Then he began: "Once up North I had a dog who looked much like Bingo will when he grows up."

Tommy, turning so he could look into Uncle Jed's eyes, waited eagerly for the story he knew was coming.

"His name was King," Uncle Jed continued. "There were two others in my team—Biff and Ranger—but King, the leader, was the smartest of the three. In fact, he was the smartest dog I ever knew."

"Well, one afternoon I found I was out of bacon; so at quitting time I put the dogs to the sled and off we started for Fairbanks, some forty miles away."

"Seems to me a mighty long trip to take after dark," said Tommy.

Uncle Jed smiled. "Not at all," he explained. "You see we could make it in a few hours, and as the sky was clear, I thought no more of it than you would of going to the post office."

"But wasn't it awful cold?" asked Tommy.

"Well, it had been chilly," admitted Uncle Jed, "seventy degrees below zero for days at a time, but that night it was only forty below, so we were all cosy. But I did think to put four sandwiches in my pocket. A snack always comes in handy. It was seeing you munch yours that put me in mind of what took place."

"For a while, all was fine. Then the sky darkened and snow began to fall—not a storm with wind, but big white flakes floating down so thick that I could not see my team."

"By rights we ought to have reached Fairbanks by ten o'clock; but eleven came—midnight—one o'clock—two o'clock, and

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THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Other Schools Like Ours

BY THE EDITOR

COME with me, boys and girls, and take a look at Unitarian church schools in many parts of our country. You must not think yours is the only school where *The Beacon* goes, you know. See what some of the others are doing.

There's Rochester, N. Y., for instance, where the classes are doing project work, including original stories, posters, hymns and poems, and simple dramatizations of Bible stories. They plan to edit and publish a school paper, one copy to be issued each year. The Editor hopes to see it when it is ready. It is good to learn in how many schools the lesson is dramatized by the various classes, as in Salt Lake City, Denver, and Redlands, Calif., where the Bible plays in "From Desert to Temple" have been given. Howard Sunday School, Bullfinch Place Church, Boston, gave the Pageant of Ruth, and King's Chapel service has once in two months a Dramatic Service of Worship for which the regular worship services on preceding Sundays are the only preparation. And the Nativity pageants at Christmas, and mystery plays, and candle-light services—if the names only of our schools giving these were printed here, they would fill the rest of the columns. Providence, R. I. (First Church), Saint Louis (Unity Church), Los Angeles (First Unitarian), and Second Church, Boston, gave elaborate pageant services in the church itself (using

many young people), which were very reverent and impressive.

Reports of offerings made by our school to Near East Relief are now coming in. So are those for our Hungarian "adopted" Unitarian churches. Can any other school match the report from New Brighton, N. Y., where, every Sunday, an offering is made for Hungarian children as well as to their own school, and school collections this year are larger than ever before?

Our school in May Memorial Church, Syracuse, sends in this fine record, that not one of the pupils from fifteen to eighteen years of age has left the school the past year, and only one the year before. That school will have a fine graduating class in June, no doubt, and young people trained in their own school and church for new officers and teachers, and for an advanced department.

At Andover, N. H., with Mrs. Harlow as superintendent, they have multiplied by three in three months. Portland, Oregon, with a new church, First Church, Cincinnati, and at Sacramento, Calif., and Flushing, N. Y., they report steady gains.

You were asked to look at other schools—now perhaps in the journey you had a glimpse of your own. Did you?

THE BEACON is published weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June by THE BEACON PRESS, INC., 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Distributed also at 299 Madison Ave., New York City; 105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago; 612 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco.

Single subscription, 60 cents.

School subscription, 50 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 13, 1913.

Printed in U. S. A.

Fairy Tales and Twinnies

By Nellie M. Leonard

"COME and swing with sister," called Eleanor to the small twinnies who were running about on the lawn.

"Don't want to!" laughed Freddie.

"Like to play horsie," answered Teddy.

Eleanor sighed. Mother would not come home for another hour. It was hot out in the sunshine and she was tired of watching those restless twins.

"Horses are nice, Teddy," she replied, "but my hammock is a splendid steamboat. I'm going to ride to Boston."

Up the piazza steps scurried the twins. "We're going with you!" they cried, tumbling eagerly into the hammock.

"What's this boat's name?" asked Freddie.

"This is the *Mayflower*, dear. We are going from Nantasket to Boston."

"We rode on the *Mayflower* one time," remembered Teddy. "Papa showed us the pretty soapbuds and the jellyfishes in the water."

"Yes, we did ride," agreed Freddie; "and the loud whistle scared me."

"Pemberton! Pemberton!" called Eleanor gruffly. "All aboard for Boston!"

The twins laughed gleefully. Eleanor always played such fine games! But at last they grew tired of even the swaying steamboat.

"Tell us a story, Ellie," begged Teddy.

"About another boat," demanded Freddie.

Glancing down at their flushed faces Eleanor knew that a short story would send them to Slumberland. But it must be interesting, or they would jump down and begin to play. An empty walnut shell upon the piazza floor gave her an idea.

"Cuddle up close, twinnies, and I will tell you about Peter Wee's boat. Peter Wee was a little fellow, you know. Oh, very tiny! Not any taller than Teddy's littlest finger."

"Boys are bigger'n that!" argued Freddie stoutly.

"Of course they are," agreed Eleanor. "But Peter Wee wasn't a little boy; he was a little fairy man. He lived in a

green moss house beside a pretty pond. When he wanted to ride, he would hop on a humming-bird's back and fly swiftly through the air.

"One day he was picking checkerberries in the pine grove. When he was ready to go home, he found that his humming-bird had flown away. It was a long way around the pond to his home. He sat down on a pebble, feeling very sad, for he was hungry. Mrs. Peter would have a nice dinner waiting for him."

"Why didn't he run home fast, then?" asked Teddy.

"Peter Wee never liked to run," laughed Eleanor. "He looked about and saw half of a walnut shell down by the water's edge."

"The very boat I need!" cried Peter. "This strong wind will blow me straight home, if I fasten my coat on this stick for a sail." Lazy Peter Wee did not wish to row, you see. So he stepped in and sailed and sailed. But the wind changed and instead of blowing him home to Mrs. Peter's good dinner, he sailed another way.

"Pretty soon, his little boat stuck fast on a gravel bar, far from home. He climbed upon a fern that hung over the water, and so reached land. Following a woodsy path, he reached a cave full of—what do you think?"

"Nice dinners," guessed Freddie.

"Growling bears," lisped Teddy sleepily.

"No, twinnies, it was candy! There were red candies, and white candies, pink candies, yellow candies, chocolate drops, peppermint drops, lollypops, and candy kisses, and all the sweetest candies that—" Eleanor's soft, long-drawn-out list of goodies trailed off into silence. The twinnies were sound asleep.

Late the next afternoon a heavy black cloud arose out of the west.

"Eleanor! Eleanor!" called Mrs. Mervin, "have you seen the twins?"

"They are asleep on your bed, mother," answered Eleanor.

"No, they are not. I thought they were safe for a long nap, but they are gone! And there's a dreadful shower coming. Run down to the hay-field and ask your father and Walter to help find them."

The twins were not in the hay-field. Mrs. Mervin found that they had taken their little beach pails, and sent Walter hurrying to the pasture where they sometimes picked blueberries.

Eleanor and her mother hunted all over the house and yard; Mr. Mervin went to the barn and sand hole. The twinnies could not be found.

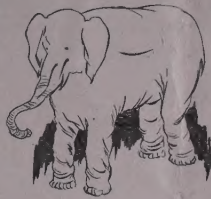
Then torrents of rain began to fall, lightning flashed, and heavy peals of thunder shook the house.

"We cannot telephone," sobbed Mrs. Mervin. "No one will answer in such a storm."

"Don't be so frightened," comforted Mr. Mervin. "I've no doubt that someone has called the twinnies indoors and is keeping them until the rain is over."

BOBBY BEAR'S RHYME CORNER

THE ELEPHANT



If my teeth were
ivory
And hide-like was
my skin—
I'd rival Barnum
Bailey,
And never charge
a pin!

THE GIRAFFE



Br'er Giraffe is rather
lean,
And when the animals
feed—
I'm afraid that gobble-
some, troublesome
bear *
Always scrapes the
platter clean!

THE ALLIGATOR



The alligator
seems to be
A fierce and
ferocious
beastie,
Yet somehow
'gainst all
fear and
will—

I relent—thinking o' his dentist bill!

THE SEAL



Oh, Diva the Seal
Gives a wonderful
thrill
From his
tusk to
his heel
Of aqua-
tic skill!

*Not the Beacon Bear brand!

Not for Sale

(Continued from page 131)

still no sign of the town. Then I knew that the dogs had turned onto some side trail. Where we were headed for I had no idea. We might find a cabin a few miles ahead, and perhaps not for a hundred miles. Yes, I was a trifle flustered, but there was one thing I could do, and I decided to do it at once."

"What was it?" asked Tommy excitedly, as Uncle Jed paused.

"Eat. That is always a fine thing to do, provided of course you have the grub. So I sat down on the sled, while the dogs gathered around me.

"All right, boys; go to it," I said, tossing a sandwich to Biff first."

Tommy caught the point. Uncle Jed had fed the dogs before taking anything himself.

"Biff gulped it down. I threw one to Ranger who finished it at one snap. Then came King's turn, but when the sandwich fell at his feet, he refused to eat it. Instead, he pushed it towards me with his paw, and whined.

"The old rascal" thought I. "He wants me to eat first. There's politeness for you!" So I ate the fourth sandwich, while he watched me. Then, with the toe of my boot, I shoved his towards him.

"Put it down, boy," I said, "and let's be going."

"King did not even nose the food, but drew closer to me, put one paw on my knee, and gazed into my eyes. He was saying, as clearly as he could, that he knew I needed grub more than he did, and wouldn't I please take his share.

"Well, we argued it back and forth, but no use. I had to swallow King's share, before he was satisfied. Then, yelping his satisfaction, he straightened out in the

harness, with Biff and Ranger behind him, and again we hit the trail. By good luck we reached a cabin in another hour, and there we were well taken care of. But this time I made King eat first, you bet I did."

"He was a good dog," said Tommy. "No wonder you were kind to him."

"You get it wrong end to," replied Uncle Jed. "I was not kind to King because he was a fine dog. He was fine because I always had been kind to him. Do you get the point?"

Tommy nodded. Then he asked, "You could have got lots of money for him, couldn't you?"

"Paid in gold for King!" cried Uncle Jed. "Tommy boy, some day you may know dogs and understand dogs, but you don't now. If I hadn't a dollar, I wouldn't have sold King for any amount of gold. I kept him until he died—and I miss him yet. Oh, what's the use? Boys don't understand."

Uncle Jed marched into the house. For some time Tommy sat motionless. Then he reached down and gently patted Bingo on the head. Bingo whined and looked lovingly into his face. You couldn't fool Bingo. Tommy and he were to be partners from that moment.

Do You Know That—

THE last thing we heard was that motor-cars had crossed the Sahara Desert. Can it be that the picturesque camel-caravans are now to be ousted by a railroad? Such is the report. The French Parliament is seriously contemplating a project for laying over the sand 1,750 miles of steel rails, sinking deep artesian wells and carrying water in pipes. The cost is estimated at about one hundred million dollars.—Mrs. F. B. Clark.

MARCH 1, 1925.
THE BEARS' DEN.

DEAR DIARY:

THIS IS JUST A SHORT NOTE TO TELL YOU THAT I AM ALL RIGHT OTHERWISE THAN HAVING THE MUMPS, WHICH ARE NOT WISE NOR EVEN FUNNY! MOTHER BEAR SAYS SHE WILL HAVE TO FUMIGATE THIS DIARY BEFORE GOING INTO *The Beacon* SO THAT ALL *The Beacon* READERS WON'T CATCH THE MUMPS WHEN THEY READ THIS! AS SOON AS MY FACE REDUCES I'LL WRITE A LONGER DIARY!

MUMPLY YOUR GOLDI.

Positive-Solutely they feel worse than they look, so you can figure out how they feel!



Dear Letter-Writers:—Another week brings another batch of mail—always larger and always just as interesting as last week's batch. "A daily letter makes one feel better" is my motto!

YE BEACON CLUB EDITOR.

ANDOVER, N. H.

Dear Miss Buck:—I am 6 years old and in the 1st grade. There are 45 pupils in my Sunday School. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday. We have had two plays so far and we have had a sleighride. In my Sunday School I color pictures. We take them home and color them and then we bring them back every Sunday. My teacher's name is Miss Ollin. I like her very much.

Sincerely yours,

FLORENCE MacKENZIE.

P.S. Please send me a pin.

OCEAN BLUFF, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I would like very much to belong to The Beacon Club. I am 11 years old and in the 6th grade. My Sunday School teacher's name is Miss Peterson. The minister's name is Mr. Pierce. I like them both very much. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday and like it. I go to the Unitarian church in Green Harbor. Please tell someone my age to write to me, as I don't get very many letters.

Much love,

RUTH JORDAN.

BOSTON RD.,
BILLERICA, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I would like to become a member of The Beacon Club and wear a pin. I am in the 4th grade and am 9 years old. I like to read *The Beacon* every Sunday. I go to the Unitarian Sunday School. My Sunday School teacher's name is Miss Tompkins. Our superintendent's name is Mrs. Stowers. This Sunday I got about half of the Cross Word Puzzle.

With much love,

DOROTHY WOODWARD.

84 OAK ST.,
MIDDLEBORO, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I am a member of The Beacon Club but have lost my button and will you please send me another pin? I am 13 years old and am in the 8th grade. I go to the Unitarian church and my minister is Mr. Littlefield. My Sunday School teacher is Mrs. Littlefield. There are 3 other girls besides me. I should like to have some other girls of my age write to me.

Sincerely yours,

DOROTHY CHAMBERLAIN.

636 SERPENTINE RD.,
GRYMES HILL, S. I., N. Y.

Dear Miss Buck:—I go to the Unitarian Sunday School on Staten Island. Our minister's name is Rev. Paul Chapman. My teacher's name is Mrs. Dalton. I receive *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy it very much. I am 12 years old and am in the 7th grade. I would like to become a member of The Beacon Club and receive a pin.

Sincerely,

PRISCILLA STEPHENSON.

108 MAIN ST.,
NANTUCKET, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I get *The Beacon* every Sunday. I like to do the puzzles very much. I am 12 years old and I am in the 8th grade. My minister's name is Mr. Kent, he is also my Sunday School teacher. I like him very much. I would like very much to belong to The Beacon Club and wear its pin.

Love,

ELIZABETH GARDNER.

Dear Cubs:—The Beacon Club Award goes this week to two fine representatives of The Cubs' Corner, Ann B. Southwick for her poem "Advice," and Barbara May for her story "Bobby and the Plant."

Advice

BY ANN B. SOUTHWICK

Dear friends, I'm here to tell you
That Christmas time is o'er,
But yet you've got your playthings
To put upon the floor.

The old year now has disappeared,
The new year's come in sight,
So if you've not a thing to do—
Just start the new year right.

Bobby and the Plant

BY BARBARA MAY

One day Bobby, who was a Scottish terrier with little short legs and a funny tail, small pointed ears and brown eyes, was playing in a neighbor's garden when he saw something dark and rather pointed ahead of him. What was it? It was moving! Bobby pricked up his ears, then he ran at it and barked. Still it moved. "I must find out what that is," said Bobby. So he ran at it and knocked it over, and what do you suppose it was? It was a plant that was covered with a brown cloth, and the plant was moving in the wind!

Laugh Ticklers

Three times the red-faced "prospect" had pushed the young Scotch insurance agent down a long flight of stairs. The third time he turned to his work, satisfied that he had seen the last of the persistent young man. But no! The door opened, and a smiling Scotch face peered in. "Weel now," said the agent, "we've hed our little bit of fun together; so, all joking aside, how about the insurance?"—*The Youth's Companion*.

Said the orator fervently: "He drove straight to his goal. He looked neither to the right nor left, but pressed forward, moved by a definite purpose. Neither friend nor foe could delay him from his course. All who crossed his path did so at their own peril. What would you call such a man?"

"A truck driver!" shouted a voice from the audience.—*The Haversack*.

If you want to preserve children, follow these directions: Take: 1 large grassy field, ½ dozen children, 2 or 3 small dogs, a pinch of brook and pebbles. Mix children and dogs well together and put them in field, stirring constantly. Pour brook over pebbles; sprinkle field with flowers; spread over a deep blue sky and bake in the sun. When brown, remove and set to cool in a bathtub.—*The Youth's Companion*.

The Shells of these Nuts are Not Hard to Crack

ENIGMA

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 5, 6, 7 is a kind of meat.
My 2, 9, 8, 13 is what we pay.
My 11, 12, 3, 14 is a grain.
My 1, 10, 14, 4 is a girl's name.
My whole is the name of a beloved President.

ALICE M. HALL.

BEHEADINGS

1. Behead an object near, get a personal pronoun in possessive case.
Behead again, get a part of the verb *to be*.
2. Behead an object there, get a head covering.
Behead again, get *close to*.
3. Behead fine mist, get to make a petition.
Behead again, get a portion of sunlight.

E. A. CALL.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 21

TWISTED WILD ANIMALS—1. gorillas. 2. wild cats. 3. hyenas. 4. leopards. 5. panthers. 6. jaguars. 7. tigers. 8. elephants.

ENIGMA—Harold Lloyd.

Answer to Last Week's Cross Word Puzzle

	O	M	O	S	E	S	N	
L	O	T	A		I	T	E	N
	N		N					
A	A	R	O	N	A	T	A	M
B	E	A	P	I	R	O		
R	O	D		S		M	A	L
A			L	A	M			O
H	A	G		L		N	U	M
A		D	M	D				O
M	I	C	A	S	A	G	E	N
		Y		V				
I	S	A		I		J	O	B
	M		H	A	V	I	D	M

(Continued from page 130)

The rulers of the land had sanctioned the attack of the bandits.

The Turk delivered the ultimatum. The bandits would take all the children to sell in bondage, unless their child leader would give himself up as a hostage.

The children, frightened and terror-stricken, looked at Stephen with pleading eyes. Far down the road sounded the clang of armor, and dust was seen arising.

Stephen turned and smiled at the children. He climbed to a wall beside the road and spoke in a clear, ringing voice.

"Our crusade has not failed," he said, "even though I bid you retrace your footsteps home. It has besieged and conquered the hearts of the people of the Holy Land—and those are the hardest citadels. Peter will lead you homeward—and I go to meet the Turks."

And the children and Peter, turning back for a last glance of their young leader, saw a great sight! Stephen's crusader's cross all ablaze with a golden glory in the streaming sunlight.